Dangers Encountered During the First Shot-How Projectiles Are Handled-Recording Recoil and Vibrations-Many Strange Accidents.

She is as dainty and as pretty as the prettiest shotgun that ever was turned out by a loving old maker of guns. She sits fourteen feet up in the air, with a polse as light as that of the swallow that has just perched for a moment on her long this muzzle. If you were told not liream of using more than one hand

Shorts forty feet long and weighs sixty four tons. She throws half a ton of solid steel ten miles and never tremyou head over heels, though you stand fifty feet outside of her line of fire.

She is the American 12-inch all-steel rifle seacoast defence gun, the queen of them all, and, until the American 16inch gun shall have been tested, the ruler of the shore.

She is an earthquake harnessed. She been proved in that final battle test voice silent or else themselves go down in the sea with all their armor, batteries, and men.

But we know what she can do, because we have sowed the long white sea beach and the open occan for ten miles off shore with tons on tons of steel projectile in order to know. We have "tried her out" at the arm; ordnance proving grounds, hidden away on Sandy Hook, the wave-washed spit gravers. of land that New Jersey sends reaching into the Atlantic Ocean, like the long, white skeleton arm of Davy Jones himself. That long, white arm for many years has trembled and echoed daily to every noise that every gun can make, from the spiteful little Nordenfeldt to the steel mortar that can throw a thing that presently will drop from the sky eight miles distant and plunge through a battleship from deck to keel with much more certainty than even a bolt of lightning would.

At the very point of the Hook is a litoffice in a little building. It looks a bit like a chemist's laboratory, a bit like an architect's drafting room, a bit like a machinery maker's ante room. That is where the ordnance officers of the United States convert every shot that is fired into long tables full of

The gun itself telegraphs a good part of the story of each shot into the office. Sit in that quiet place-always as quiet and silent as most offices connected with great noisy works like forges and sawmills and other roaring industries usually are, and suddenly there will sound "Click! Click! Click!" all around the room, just as the far away throbbing complaint of a great gun loosed trembles on the air. Those clicks have all been separate and distinct. But no ear ever was fine and quick enough to catch them as anything except one commingled sound. They have stopped while the ear still is gathering them and transmitting their message to the

Those few sharp sounds that sounded like one have recorded the five-mile flight of a projectile. Click one told when it left the muzzle. Click two recorded its flight a thousand feet away. Click three said that the projectile had just passed the mile. So they caught one mile, two miles, three miles, five miles away. Small wonder that the ear could not catch the different messages separately. That shot, if it was a 12-inch 1,000-pound projectile from the 12-inch gun, traveled 1,552 feet in the first second. It was a quarter of a mile from the muzzle of the cannon before the finger that pressed the firing button had even consciously ceased pressing.

No clock ever was made fine enough to begin to denote the minute fragments of time that are occupied in the flight of a shot from a modern high-powered weapon. The best stop-watch in the world is many hundred times too slow to do it. Even if one could be made fine enough for the purpose, the quickest man in the world couldn't stop it in time. Before the sharpest eye had passed the knowledge to the nimblest brain and that in turn had pussed the command to the quickest finger that ever moved, a half-ton of metal would have hit its goal ten miles away. Ordnance officers have to deal not with half seconds or eighth seconds, but with the ne one-thousandth part of a second. In the office in Sandy Hook is a queer instrument of polished steel. Day after day it records instants of time too small for the mind even to conceive. To measure and record the one-thousandth of a second is play for it. It is always set to do that. But it can measure a mil-Bonth part of a second,

Yet the work of recording the course of a big shot is beautifully simple. The real work, that demands many years of preparation and study, is to know what to do with the records after you have

So simple and perfect is the method that it is entilely possible on Sandy Hook to record the speed of a projectile in every foot of its course, if such knowledge were necessary, which it is

As one stands by the long line of taper cannon one can see large frame supports scattered at uniform distances down the range. Each of them is hung with wires, and looks a great deal like the weighted wires hung over railroad tracks just in front of overhead obstructions to tap forgetful trainmen on top of freight cars gently and warn them that a "low bridge" demands an immediate duck if they wish to reach the other side of the obstruction with their heads where they belong. All the wires are electric, and each is connectthe flying projectile breaks them they record the fact, instantly,

When a gun is tried at Sandy Hook every item of its behavior must be recorded. What pressure does the powder develop in the chamber? With what reckless and he took all the precautions violence does the gun recoil? What speed does the projectile develop in the bore before it leaves the muzzle? What injuring his eyes so badly that for many speed does it develop within a second aftereleaving the gun? What is its sustained speed at various distances from

When a gun is to be tested, after all frightful calibre, with an equally unque

sure exerted in the powder chamber.

of the instruments in the office and reccords the time when the shot breaks it.

ous record made by an electric recorder is not swift snough in itself. Electricity has to be helped with ingenious means. The wires that are scattered to climb up and swing her you would along the range do not lead to an instrument that makes a record on paper. to the queer apparatus of polished steel your gun?" that has been mentioned as being able to record inconceivable fractions of secbles from the shock. She explodes 457 onds. It is known as the Siebert veloci- that all was ready, he was one of the pounds of powder in her womb and meter. Its noticeable feature is a never weakens. Her blast will knock chunky, beautifully polished cylinder of as well. In a fraction of time after inches to drop. Yet before it falls that not an officer would have escaped. Is leashed death and ruin. How do we short distance the projectile has smashknow what she can do? She never has ed through framework after framework. part of the ordnance graveyard on the when the warships ring the land around sive circuits are broken, and tiny sharp to be a gun. On examination it turns her with fire and must make her great gravers shoot out from the sides of the out to be a beautifully built-up piece of its drop. Now, knowing to the thou- and put together again for a relic. Some late the swiftness of the projectile by than a man's hand,

> end of the cannon is an apparatus with sim of the Ordnance Department, be a tuning fork so arranged that a little second, without varying by a single vi- about half way to the breech. that fixes the record so it will not rub | charge of powder would ignite the sec off. Knowing just how far the gun re- ond and the second the third, and so on the weapon to complete the distance. And by knowing the velocity of recoil der in the first chamber wrecked it be it is possible, calculating the entire weight of the gun and carriage, to find out how great was the force of recoil in pounds, which is a most important factor in determining the strength of emplacements where the weapon is to be mounted finally.

While Sandy Hook is officially a proving ground it is fully as important as a testing ground. The difference bewhere they are subjected to the most severe tests and experiments that can be devised. Practically the testing ground officers try to smush the gun. They try it with maximum and minimum charges of powder and projectile. They let it "weather." They load it to the bursting point. Sometimes a gun will undergo tests for a year or more, each shot being carefully recorded and a little history being written about it before the Government gets a final report on it. Many a cannon has had enough to fill a big book written about it in successive reports of tests, and then been rejected. If a gun gets the "O. K." mark from Sandy Hock it is a good one. Foreign Governments realize that more keenly than do the people of the United States. Foreign military-men consider the proving grounds on Sandy Hook as one of the most authoritative Government departments in the world, and its reports are at a premium in every War Office on the globe,

If a type gun doesn't develop a feverish pulse before its test is ended, and If it is accepted finally, more guns of the same pattern are ordered. An army officer superiotends every step of their manufacture and sees that each is made exactly like the gun that was tested. As each is finished it is sent to Sandy Hook to be "proved." Five shots are fired from it under service conditions, and if it acts correctly it is sent on to a coast fortification. Not a single gur is mounted today in a fort unless it has been through the hands of the proving ground officers.

Congress often kindly aids in making Sandy Hook unpleasant. It is common for an inventor to get a bill through ordering the War Department to test his weapon or his explosive, for the testing and proving grounds are for trying projectiles, shells, and explosives as well as guns. Time and again explosives or weapons have arrived at the Hook that were so bizarre and evidently more dangerous to the shooter than they ever would be to the enemy, that the officers in charge declined to risk the lives of their soldiers by assign. ing any of them to the work of firing them. Not that the officers refused to test them. They sent the soldlers to a safe distance and did the work them

selves. Eight years ago a young lieutenant, one of the most promising men in the Ordnance Department, was assigned to the duty of testing a new shell. He examined it and found that it was highly dangerous even to handle the thing with instruments in the office. As But he made no objection. He simply ordered one of his men to get a wheelbarrow. Then he sent the men away on some trifling duty and wheeled the wicked thing a mile down the beach. There he made the test. He was not possible. But despite his care the shell exploded and mangled his face, besides months it was doubtful if he would recover his sight.

Another inventor a few years ago invented a unique cast iron cannon of

TESTING THE BIG GUNS. Its parts have been inspected carefully shell to carry an equally unique burstand cleaned and oiled, small copper ing charge. He went to the Hook to plugs are fitted in little holes in the witness the tests, and when he saw breech, These are pressure plugs. When that the officers were taking unusual the powder explodes it compresses them | precautions he became grieved and then and thus is recorded exactly the pres- indignant, and finally made sturring remarks about the conspicuous amount of After the plugs are in a wire is fitted | bravery that the soldiers did not have over the muzzle. It connects with one Thereupon the officer in charge said to him: "This gun and this shell, and this projectile are sent here to be tested. Then, as the projectile pierces frame We are going to do it fairly, as you after frame sleng the range, they too, can see. But we know that they are telegraph the exact instant to waiting all extremely likely to burst and kill some one. It is our duty to take the But even the practically instantane- risk, and it is equally our duty to guard our men. That we are going to do. When the gun is loaded we shall remain near it to fire it and observe it. You have not only the privilege of retiring behind the bomb proof, but probably we shall insist on your doing so. That would be far too slow. They lead | Or would you prefer to sit on top of

The inventor decided not to sit on his gun. Indeed, when the word was given first behind the bomb proof. It was just steel, a few inches long. It has one the firing button was pressed there was sharply pointed end. By this end, no gun. The explosive had burst in the which is magnetic, it just hangs to an shell, the shell had burst in the gun, upper supporting arm. When the shot and the gun was in pieces. Luckity its breaks the first wire it in turn breaks construction was so weak that it did the electro-magnet that holds the steel not scatter with the deadly results that bar, and down it falls, It has only a few | might have been expected. Otherwise,

There is a gun lying in a prominent As the successive wires break, success Hook. That is, at first sight it appears instrument and strike that falling bar. of iron mosaic work. That was a pat-Each graver marks it, and by the time ent gun. The first shot fired from it the shot has struck its mark the little | broke it into so many little pieses that steel cylinder just about reaches the end the authorities had them all collected sandth part of a second how fast it of the fragments were found miles dropped, the ordnance expert can calcu- away. Hardly one of them is larger

measuring the distances between the marks scratched on the cylinder by the the multi-charge gun. In its time it was far more famous than any of the To measure the recoil another simple late patent guns for firing high explomethod is used. One end of a long thin sives. It made heart-burnings in Constrip of steel, with its face smoked to gress, and there were many kindly and a uniform blackness, is fastened to the pleasing remarks about the obstinacy carriage of the gun. Near the muzzle and hide-bound idlocy and old fogy cause it persisted in reporting to Conspur on one of its jaws just touches gress that the multi-charge gun was no the face of the blackened face of the good. But the inventor of the gun had steel band. When all is ready for firing a pull besides his genius of gunmaking this tuning fork is set to vibrating by so he got an appropriation and built his an electrical instrument that makes it vibrate exactly one thousand times a ordinary cannon from the muzzle to bration. When the cannon is discharged | there it swelled out into wonderful and the recoil naturally jerks the steel band hideous protuberances. Each of these backward, and the little spur on the proturberances were designed to hold fork marks a long waving line on the an enormous charge of powder. The steel. The band is dipped in a solution | idea of the maker was that the first colled, a matter that is, of course, meas- and that all those charges combined ured easily, it is merely a question of | would drive the projectile with frightcounting the waves marked on the ful force. The multi-charge gun was steel to determine how many thou- fired just once. Perhaps it cannot be sandth parts of a second it required for said truthfully that it ever was fired even once, for the first charge of powfore the rest had even become ignited.

There are all kinds of pleasant occupations on Sandy Hook besides firing guns. You meet a man casually. He is carrying a large glass jar with some thing that looks like water in it. He is merely an expert carrying a new explosive that he must test. There is a great line of romontic and mighty granite walls, parttween the two is this: When the Government decides to adopt an arm of a certain pattern, type guns are sent to the Hook before the United States commits itself to the next the states commits itself to the next the Government in the civil war and abandoned mits itself to the final purchase of that when stone work no longer was useful particular kind of cannon. These type stored tons of powder of all kinds. Red half a ton generally is the minimum quantity that the self-respect of the or dinary inventor permits him to dream of sending, there is enough there to blow a fair part of New Jersey into the moon and introduce the applejack in-

dustry on that planet with celerity. Water is the one thing that they cannot calculate on at the proving grounds, When a shell hits steel and timber and sand they know pretty well how it will ge. But a shell that hits the water may go in any direction. A ripple that is not big enough to rock a rowboat may divert a shell and jump it miles out of its course. One of the record shots at Sandy Hook with the 12-inch rifle sent the projectile more than ten measured miles out to sea. That projectile ricochetted eight times before it finally took its last plunge. Every time it struck the water it roared as if a sea monster were bellowing in mortal agony. Every time it jumped it jumped higher in the air than the masts of a

full-rigged ship. At an ordinary routine test a profectile from a 10-inch steel rifle struck the plate true, went through the eight inches of steel, struck a huge oak timber, and sheared it clean transversely as if it had been cut with a circular saw and then hit the head of a little 5-inch bolt, and ricochetted and went into the air till it was out of sight. It came down not a thousand yards from the gun.

Around the base of every projectile there is a band of soft copper. It fits the rifling of the bore accurately and thus forces the shell to take its rotary motion. Often, after a shell has gone through a steel plate, long pieces of this soft copper are found forced clean into the hard steel, as a toothplek might be forced into cheese.

CASIMIR'S CHEF D'OEUVRE. The Grent Inventor of "Poinge Ger-

miny" Is to Retire.

Some tears are reported to have been shed by the gourmets of the Paris bouleards on account of the intended retire ment of a modern Vatel, who for nearly half a century has presided over the cullnary department of the Maison Doree, This famous cook, familiarly known as Casimir, has been so devoted to his busiers that he rarely went out, and boasts that he has never seen Effel's asimir laments the decadence of dining

Paris of recent years. Formerly, as

scient Casimir points out, the creation

a new soup, or sauce, or dish, was ar

vent of equal importance with the proetion of a new play. The grandest day in Casimir's life was that on which he invented or discovered potage germiny, a soup made with th yolk of eggs, cream and sorrel. potage was prepared for a dinner given by the Marquis de St. George, author of the "Mousquetaires de la Reine." Castrair was as nervous over the reception of his soup as a dramatic author or a composer on a first night. He had his reward when the marquis sent for him, and before the assembled guests pressed him to his besom and exclaimed: "Casimir, it is not a soup; it is a great work, a hauster-riece."—New York Commercial-Adver-dage.

Some Names Chosen by Authors in Days Long Gone By.

Eggs of Charity," "Biskets for Chickens of the Church" Among the Striking Ones of the Puritan Period-Latter Day Captions.

exercising, in some degree, an influence

on its sale. Hence considerable ingenuity is expended upon those publications which periodically appeal to the notice and appreciation of the public. The palmy days for book titles, judging by the specimens preserved in the modern library, was the Puritan period of New England. Those religious enthulasts were wont to improve themselves by a treatise styled "Eggs of Charity, Layed by the Chickens of the Covenant, and Boiled in the Water of Divine Love-Take Ye and Eat" The fancy of the time seems to have been especially pleased with this device, for another work, 1653, was styled 'Some of Salvation." A third remarkable work boasted of being "A Reaping Hook Well Tempered for the Ears of the Coming Crop; or Biscuits Baked in | more countries. the Oven of Charity, Carefully Con-

There were also "Crumbs of Comfort Vantage Ground; or, A Louping Stand for Heavy Believers." Poverty stricken Puritans were offered "A Sixpenny Worth of Divine Spirit," while the wealthler were attracted to "A Bank of Faith," and the ailing to the "Shop of the Spiritual Apothecary." A poem was entitled, "Tobacco Battered, and that Idiy Idolize so Loathsome a Vanity, by a Volley of Holy Shot Thundered From Mount Helicon." "Spiritual Milk for Boston Babes in Either England, Drawn out of the Breasts of Both Testaments for Their Souls' Nourishnent; But May Be of Like Use to any Children, By John Cotton, B. D., Late Teacher to the Church of Boston in New England, Cambridge," is another hoice effusion, popular among the Puritans.

As contrasting with these specimens of notable bad taste, it is interesting to observe that standard authors have selected very simple titles for their works, as witness such productions as Othello," "Don Quixote," "Robinson Crusee," "Rob Roy," "Zanoni," and "David Copperfield," Among curious titles was that of a pamphlet against

the Duke of Orange, who was deformed. viz: "The Deformity of St. Cured. Orange by the Rev. J. Crookshanks. Sold by Mathew Denton, at the Crooked Billet, Near Cripplegate, and by all Booksellers, Text: 'Every Crooked Path Shall be Made Straight ' Some books published in the seven-

enth century have unpronounceable for many months. titles, as, for instances, a work called Panzoologicomineralogia," a "complete cal and Chymicall, with the anatomie period was entitled: "Crononhotonthoof Tragedians." The first two lines of

Aldeborontiphosophosnio! Where left you Cronomiotouthelogos!

Sir Walter Scott was went to say that in giving his novels the name of the principal character contained therein, he gave no foretaste of the style of the story, but left all to the imagination of the reader. This rule of Scott's seems to have come in vogue with those writers in this country, who further imitate the great romantic author in writing in dialect, often perhaps without the groundwork of creative genuis and knowledge of men and manners which excused this trait in their distinguished preceptor.

A very large number of novels have been published under such pleasing and Discretion," while the "Lord of the Isles," and "Lady of the Manor" have marshaled a host of followers. Dickens, who in his early years was content with "Pickwick Papers," or "Bernaby Rudge," afterward selected such titles as "The Haunted Man," "Hard Times," "Great Expectations," and "Our Mutual Friend." Bulwer began his long career with the conservative title of "Pelham; or, the Adventures of a Gentleman, but, altering to greater confidence and originality, took afterward the "catching" titles of "My Novel," "What Will He Do With It?" which have provoked imitation in the striking titles of "Can You Forgive Her," and "Put Yourself in His Place." In a similar manner, Victor Hugo named an early work "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," and his later ones, "Les Miserables" and "The Man Who Jaughs." Kit North's suphonism of the "Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life" has also been freiterature, some remarkable titles have seen indulged in, such as "Debit and Credit," "Hammer and Anvil," and Through Night to Light," Auerbach has treated lofty topics in "On the Heights," The era of sensationalism in English

he high priest, is marked by some very striking titles, as "The Yellow Mask, "The Dead Secret," "The Guilty River." The Woman in White." Even Thackray, the great master of classic English, hit on such names as "Yellowplush Papers," "Vanity Fair," and "Book of

In the varied literature of this country, every species of title has been used, rom "The Scarlet Letter" to Slick of Slickville." Neal's dashing nanner is well reflected in the name Charcoal Sketches," and Willis' elab rate sprightliness was curiously styled Dashes at Life With a Free Pencil." Effective titles for popular books have heen "Moby Dick," "Ten Nights in a darroom," "The Wide, Wide World, 'Alone," "An Old- Fashioned Girl," Ginx's Baby, and The Innocents

The title of a book or an article is display on a poster. regarded probably by every author as Musions of literature suited to the ju-Novels." Some of these rejoice in such titles as "The Death Shriek: or, the Bloody Gulch," "The Red Death: or, the Velvet Arm," and others too numerous to mention, and which, it is believed,

THE REAL "MR. DOOLEY."

Ancedotes of James McGarry, Sage

onfined to the past.

of Archey Rond. James McGarry is dead. His intimates knew him as "Jim," and although he is a string that the muffs aff ye'er mits, an wun reason of his long life in Chicago—and, indeed, one who can live in Chicago as indeed, on another work, 1653, was styled some freedom of indeed, one who can live in Chicago as freedom of indeed, one who can live in Chicago as freedom of indeed, one who can live in Chicago as freedom of the Charity, Carefully Conserved for the long as McGarry did and endur the have sane intervals, that I warned ye, and warned ye fair. Adams, there was no snow at Gar-r-field Par-rk this ary mention-McGarry, under his alias of Martin Dooley, has become an interof Martin Dooley, has become an inter-national personage. His copyright has been violated in many languages and in derful in the world."

Sparrows of the Spirit and Doves of the Soul."

Finley Peter Dunne fashioned his philosophical saloonkeeper, although he by no means adhered to the McGarry lines of means adhered to the McGarry lines of construction. Dooley is an evolution and ye had the power of consicutive thought a growth, not a copy or a sketch. Mc- There was no snow in Gar-r-field Par-rk There were also "Crumos or Comfort of the Chickens of the Covenant," and more comforting still, "Hooks and Eyes for Believers' Breeches," and "High-Heeled Shoes for Dwarfs in Hollness."

A treatise was entitled "Salvation's Chicago, furtively formed an acquaint-Chicago, furtively formed an acquaint-ance with McGarry, and was one of the few who saw good literary material in the saloonkeeper's observations on gen-eral topics.

"Its a sin to take ye'er money, but it may give ye'er thoughts a sine in th' right direction, an' I'll arbytrate th' mat-ter wid ye," said McGarry, placing a E-note under a shell glass, Alams paid

eral topics.
The Dooley of Dunne is characterized by a cheerful surcasm and an optimistic philosophy. McGarry was different. He took himself seriously, and unloaded his views with the impact of a bale of hay. the Pipes Shattered About Their Ears | He never smiled and had a strong sense of his personal dignity. Morcover, he was not wholly askep to the value of the personal intelligence columns of the newspaper. In facial appearance he was as sombre as a chorch door. McGarry, in his 'Patrick's Duy' dress, might well have been taken for a large, benevolent person of the cirrical profession, unaccustomed to the good things of the world in the sixty odd years which his face and silver hair indicated he had remained on earth. It is not my intenti to write an obituary sketch. It is rather to give a few personal anecdote

less as to clothes, but with the peculiar, indurated countenance of a "tough," came into the saloon. Jack Shea, then chief of the Chicago detective force, sat over near the stove. With the exception of Shea and McGarry, po one was in the

stranger, putting a 50-ceat piece on the bar. He filled a shell glass up to the brim. McGarry looked on with a grieved a Sermon Preached at St. Michael's, eye, for he well knew that every drop Crooked Lane, Before the Prince of above the opaque line in the glass was a financial lose to him.

he asked of the stranger, working off a familiar Chicago witticism.

The man set down the glass and emitted as fine an outpouring of Bridgeport

language as had been heard downtown "I don't want any red-necked tarrier to criticise the size of my drinks," he sald, history of animals and minerals, con-taining the summs of all authors Galent-nish is 10 cents, take it out of the money on the bar. If it is 15 cents, you have still got coin to pay for it; and if the price of man," etc. A tragedy of the same is more than 50 cents, just ring the bell ed. tape forbids the destruction of powder logos: The Most Tragin Tragedy that sent to the Hook to be tested. And as into McGarry's sou His dignity had been violated, and he

slowly rang up 15 cents and made change for the customer. McGarry came from behind the bar, poked the fire and stood with his hands folded under his apron. ost in thought, for fully five minutes. Then he wagged his head sadly, and, ad-"Jack, I'd give the joint if I knew what

to answer that mug back."
A friend of the name of Louis Spiegei

sat alone in the barroom. A large theatre crowd had just left, and McGarry leaned with his elbows on the bar. Suddenly he straightened up and went softly around the end of the black walnut counter and made a dash for the floor. Spiegel sprang forward at the same minute, and the two elderly gentlemen and long-time gossip rolled around in the sawdust for fully five been published under such pleasing minutes, locked in close embrace. Not a catch words as "Patronage, Discipline, word was uttered; they simply struggled. At last they arose, and McGarry, locking his cash drawer, brushed the dust from his clothes, removed his bar apron and

"Louis, the place is closed. It is closed He turned down the lights. The tw went out into the night. The next morn

ing Spiegel was one of the first in the McGarry saluted him with dig

ye fancy ye'er a smar-rt man, don't ye, "Not necessarily," replied Spiegel

Why? 'D'ye know why I locked the house las night, Lonia?

Because it was time to close up, I sup Naw, Louis; that was not the rayson There was another ten dollars on the flure. I was afraid you would assassinate

me if you found it out."

One evening, when the usual newspape crowd was in his place, a strange your man, who crowded the latest modes in the quently imitated. In modern German way of style, came down the steps. It was one of the delights of McGarry's life to listen to the discussions of his persona friends, who gathered nightly. Frequent ly he did himself business injury by lock ing the door long before the proper hou for closing, and unbent so far as to min gle in the conversation. At all times h was resentful of mixed drinks, which he literature, of which Wilkie Collins was regarded as a sincland the time consume n their manufacture wholly wasted. He ino abominated the class he described a

> "Make me a Manhattan cocktail." sale the spectacular young man who had en McGarry unwillingly went behind the

our, leaving the crowd at the table to neir discussion.
"What is ut?" he asked, with scrimony "I want a Manhattan cocktail," repeat d the late arrival.
Ye'll Grink whisky, ar ye'll not leav

his house aloive," said McGarry, jam aing the bottle and glass on the counter And the young man took straight. As McGarry made the change he said in explanation;

"It's the rain of ye'er constitution a-drinkin' these med-up midicines. I'll not have it on me house an' on me copsence that wan of yez died in me place after takin' a dose. McGarry was a hard man to entrap is

Abroad."

In dramatic literature, the especial was not particularly reticent of money, and necessity for effective and striking titles in to probable there are 500 men in Chicahas been felt from the carliest times go today, and some in New York, who

QUEER TITLES FOR BOOKS An ancient Hindu play was called owe him snywhere from \$1 to \$50 each "The Toy Cart," and the first comedy in that they borrowed. But he was ever The Toy Cart," and the first comedy in the English language, "Gammer Gurton's Needle." In later times there have been "The Broken Heart," "Every Man in His Humor," "A New Way to Pay Old Debts," "She Stoops to Conquer," and, more recently still, "Monrey," "Still Waters Run Deep," "London ey," "Still Waters Run Deep," "London Adams and a confederate went down to Assurance." 'The Last Man," 'Deli-cate Ground," "Extremes," 'The Marble Heart," and a multitude of others Mr. Bernard, also a newspaper man, He equally suited for effect upon a handbill remained outside the store. It was early in July.

It is needless to advert to those choice Adams, in a cheerful tone. "Downtown here it is warm and sunny. Over in Gar enile taste and purse, known as "Dime | field Park this morning, which is four

date for th' funny house. I've warned ye agin' it, Adams, minny times. I've told are happily becoming more and more ye thim assaminators in Wist Madison Street make their whisky from a book. hear there's a man be the name av Fink over there who sells fifty-six gallons av whisky a day, an' in the last fifteen years there hasn't wan bar'l av boose gon into his house. When ye'er playing wid a string of spools at such times as they

McGarry was the model upon which ye'er family this minyett. I should be callin' the hoodle-hoodle wagon, instead of standin' here gossipin' and its of standin' here gossipin' as if "Adams, ye'er dippy, and I'm sorry for

similar observances to the etiquette of wagering, at the same time stamping loudly on the floor. It was the proper signal, and Bernard came in

"Was there snow at Garfield Park to-day, or wasn't there?" enquired Adam.
"'Tis a bonco game!" grouned McGar-ry, at the same instant, for he recognized

the newcomer. "There was an inch and a half if there asserted Bernard, and as Adams took the ten dollars McGarry set out the bottle and said:

Drown the rickyliction av ye'er crime, b'ys, in dhrink. To think that at the age av discrition, an wid my experience, I a come-on at last."-Philadelphia North American.

PRESERVED IN PEAT.

Remarkable Discoveries Made in the Bogs of Ireland. In the summer of 1879, some turf cut-

ters working in a bog in the county Galway, came on the body of an Irish warrior clad in the garb of ancient Ireland, which, it was computed, must have been "Give me some whisky," said the buried for at least 800 years. Yet, when stranger, putting a 50-ccat piece on the the features appeared as fresh and the form unshrunken as on the day of death so many centuries before.

After a short exposure to the air, the body slowly crumbled away, but not be-"Wud yez like a towel with that bath?" fore it had been viewed and examined by umbers of curious visitors.

Only very recently an ancient keg or Jirkin of butter was dug up out of the peaty loam. When the outer covering was femoved, and the mass cut into with a penknife, the centre was found to be still quite sweet and pleasant to the taste. Yet, the ancient Irish dame, who manufactured the butter contained in that keg. must have reilinquished her primitive churning operations for many centuries

About fifteen years ago the body of a man of gigantic perpertions was discovered in a sand pit at Prosperous, County Kildare, this sand pit having originally formed part of the neighboring morass. Although, from the nature of the soil, the body was not so well preserved, yet, from the enormous length of 'he remains (over 6 feet 9 inches), in its comparatively shrunken state, and the remains of a weapon by his side, there is little doubt that it was the body of a Dane.

mearthed. This oak, from the nature of the soil in which it is imbedded, has be come of the nature and consistency of ebony. It is in great request for the man ornaments and walking sticks, which are eagerly purchased by ourists, as mementos of their visit to this country. It is also largely used in the district for firewood, and burns with a bright, clean flame.

Finnging in the hall of a gentleman at Branockstown, County Kildare, are the antiers of one of the ancient Irish elks. They measure about thirteen feet from tip to thy, and are of great weight. They were discovered in a small bog near hi esidence some few years ago.
A remarkable instance of the "preserv-

ative powers of peat," sailing in the de tection of crime, occurred in County Tipperary in 1837. In that year there w iving near Thurles, two neighbors, of the small farming class, named Peter Mulien and John Dermot, part owners of a small bog, which was the cause of nu merous disputes between them. This wordy warfare culminated, in the spring of 183, in a desperate affray between the two men, in which Dermot, locally known as "Shaun Rhau" ("Red John") from a iery color of his bair, was badly worst-

"Red John" was carried home, vowin engeance on his opponent. The neighbors, however, paid little attention to his threats at the time, taking into consideration the occasion on which they were uttered. But when, a few days afterward, Mullan was missed from the neighorhood, suspicious were aroused, and a earch instituted, but no traces of the missing man, dead or alive, could be

Dermot, when questioned on the subect, stated that the affair of the bog had been amicably arranged, and that Mul-len, having accepted a sum of money for his interest in the turf bank, had gone to America with the proceeds.

The neighbors were, however, not satis-

ded, and "Shaun Rhau" was arrested, out as nothing conclusive could be proved gainst him, he was eventually discharge ed from custody. Emboldened by a feel-ing of false security, he returned to his a marked man, and generally shun ned by his former acquaintances. But in he spring of 1857, some bog men, cutting turf near Dermot's holding, came upon he body of the missing man, with the eatures contorted in agony, and intching in his hand a fragment of Red

John's fiery colored beard. When Dermot was confronted with this vidence of his guilt, he utterly broke-town, and confessed everything. From a statement he made it would seem that hortiy after the desperate affray witness ed by the neighbors, Dermot had sought ut Mullen, and renewed the quarrel. finally, after a desperate struggle over wering his victim, and burying the re mains in a bog hole. The wretched crim-inal was sentenced to death, but in con-sequence of the lapse of time since the murder was committed, and the absence of witnesses, the extreme penalty was commuted to one of penal servitude for o one of p

BOSTON'S STRANGE LAW.

Mayor Hart Violated a Statute by Hanging a Picture.

Offence Consisted of Placing a Portrait of the Late President McKinley in the City Hall-It Wil

Doubtless Be Passed Unnoticed.

Mayor Hart is a lawbreaker, but the case against him is not a very serious one and the legal authorities are not likely to take notice of the mayor's disregard of the law. The mayor's offence consists in hang-

ing on the walls of his office at city ball a picture of the late President McKinley, without first consulting the art commission of Boston and getting their approval "Yes," said Private Secretary Ernst the

other day to a "Globe" reporter, "I think it may be said that the hanging of that picture of our late President in the maycommission, is a direct violation of the

Mr. Srnst, "too much meddling with per-sonal liberty, and too much special leg-islation for the city of Boston."

Visitors to the mayor's office during the present administration have noted the absence of the familiar faces that for years adorned the walls of the mayor's private room. Local statesmen were wont to linger and gaze on the features of such men as ex-Mayors Prince, Palmer, Martin, O'Brien, Curtis, Matthews and the present chief executive, whose pla tures, some in crayon and some in oil, used to hang from the walls of the may-

It was a peculiar collection of the work sive gold frames, some were encased in mk, and one was in a somber black frame. Perhaps it was this odd collection of Boson art efforts that suggested the creation by the Legislature of the art commission, although the main contributary auses are popularly supposed to have seen the Cogswell fountain, that occuded a prominent position on the Common, and the Cass monument.

The latter has been replaced by a more eroic figure of Colonel Casa, while the former has been banished from the pubeye altogether.

When Josiah Quincy came to city half he found the walls of the mayor's suite crowded with pictures of former mayors. few of which his artistic eye approved. Before he retired he commissioned a young Quiney artist, named Brooks, to produce a statue of Colonel Cass, to replace the one already erected to his memery in the Public Garden, and also to produce bronze bas-reliefs of all the mayors of the city, beginning with Gen. A. P. Martin, to adorn the walls of the mayor's rooms at city hall.

Some of the latter have arrived, and as soon as Mr. Brooks completes the order and the art commission approves them and indicates how and where they may hang, they will be put in the places assigned them by the city messenger.

Mayor Quincy put his office into apple ple order to receive his suc obstituted for the old one, the walls and ceilings were tastefully decorated nd the room was made more cheerful and busines-like than it had ever been befor New furniture was installed, and about all that was left of the old furnishings were the large silver water pitcher and silver

place near the private entrance. The pictures of the ex-mayors were re-noved to the room occupied by the board of apportionment during its brief existence, where they still remain. This room was a part of the auditor's division, and

has since been retsored to him. The art commission was established by the Legislature in 1898. The members are John T. Coolidge, jr., named by the trustees of the Public Library; Albert W. Longfellow, named by the Boston Society of Architects; Francis W. Chandle Technology; Samuel D. Warren, named by the trustees of the Museum of Fin-Arts, and Charles A. Cummings, named

by the Boston Art Club

No salary is attached to the position, and the commission has cost the city less than \$500 since its creation-not an expensive haxary.

No work of art can become the property of the city without the approval of the art department, which may also be requested by the mayor or the city council to pass upon the design of any municipal building, bridge, approach, lamp, ornamental gate or fence, or other structure to be creeted upon land belonging to the city.

the city.

All contracts or orders for the execution of any painting, monument, status, bust, bas-relief, or other sculpture, for the city must be made by this board, acting for the mayor, subject to his approv-

al.

The mayor is often tendered monuments, statues, drinking fountains, and the like, as memorials to individuals. Heretofore he has had to struggle with many persistent people, but now he can gracefully turn them over to the art commission. Unless it is a pretty good thing the art commission decitines it with thanks and that usually ends it. The commission has no authority over the State House grounds, although they are in the city of Boston.—Boston Globe.

STRANGE WATERING TROUGH. Odd Use for a Punch Bowl in a Maine Town.

The watering trough in Pickering square is said to have a more peculiar history than any similar object in the State or in New England. It didn't act as a breastwork for a military company during the Revolution or the Rebellion, and it wasn't moved on a truck to the scene of some carnival to hold lemonade as a joke, or it didn't held the water that stroyed Bangor. It wasn't guilty of any of these acts, and yet it has had a his

put out the blaze that would have destroyed Bangor. It wasn't guilty of any of these acts, and yet it has had a history. Years ago, when Capt. Charles Sanford owned a steambeat line between Bangor and Boston, making a trip or two a week with a squatty steamer, when the Boston and Bangor Steamship Company, with its great white flyers, wasn't thought of, the friends of the captain and owner decided that they would make him an original present on an anniversary, and they ordered a huge granite punch bow!

At first the idea of a bowl five feet high and ten feet in diameter wasn't conceived, but it came to the mind of one of the friends and the order was changed so as to make the present unleard of dimensions, and of rough granite, without inscriptions. The people who made it thought there was something out of the ordinary in the wind, and they put extra work into it—they were paid for doing that same thing. The affair was shipped to Bangor, and was formally presented to the captain aboard the craft that bore it to Front Street. The captain was surprised, but he was his master and made a very neat speech of acceptance. The bowl was kept abcard the craft for a week or more, until one day the cwner thought he would take it on the wharf, and, with all sorts of tackle to help, the hask was commenced. But there was bad suck following the bowl samewhere, as at the critical moment a rope parted and punch bowl and tackle and nearly the whole crew went into the river as once, it stayed where it sank for a number of years, as the feet of steamers that landed at the wharf at that time didn't draw as much as they do now, and the bowl didn't interfere with navigation.

But Captain Salford finally deckled that it must come up, and he offered it to the city as wafering trough if they cared enough about it to move it from where it is, it is a strong, well-behaved trough, and looks as though it might went for years to come.

They say down on the water front that he fever for practical joking in the shipping offices commenced with Sa